

# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XXII.]

CHICAGO, OCTOBER

[NUMBER 8.

Allen Elizabeth W

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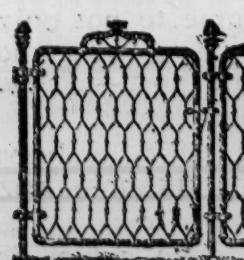
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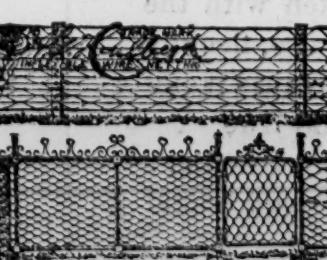
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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

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## EDITORIAL.

A LITTLE girl in a Welsh school, being asked by the inspector to name the chief domestic products of England in Elizabeth's reign, answered, "Potatoes, tobacco, and Thirty-nine other Articles."

ROBERT BROWNING, it is said, has intrusted Mr. Norton with some interesting letters that passed between Carlyle and himself over fifty years ago. They are to appear in the second series of Carlyle's letters, edited by Mr. Norton.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "I wish to bring up my children, first to see the eternal love of God; second, their own responsibility for all their actions; and third, that they are not naturally inclined to evil. If I can instill these three principles into them, I believe they will be safe for this or any life."

CHARLES DARWIN and his brother, Erasmus Darwin, as well as Sir Charles Lyell and Sir John Bowring, were contributing members of Rev. Charles Voysey's "Theistic Church" of London. In his Easter sermon of 1885 he names these men, with others who had acted upon the committee of the congregation, to deplore their loss.

MAYOR ROCHE of Chicago has proved himself worthy the confidence placed in him, by the splendid ability, sagacity and conscience he displayed in bringing the recent street car strike to a close. For the first time in such cases as this, we think, the third party involved, the people, have had their claims adequately pressed, and many outside of Chicago owe Mr. Roche large gratitude.

ALEXANDER arrested a pirate. He said: "Why are you always making such a disturbance and robbing ships?" The prisoner replied: "For the same reason that you have for disturbing the whole world. You do it with a large fleet and they call you an emperor. I do it with one little ship and they call me a robber. The only difference is in the size of it."

THE city of St. Louis has maintained a "Veiled Prophet's" procession and ball as one of the attractions at the time of its autumnal exposition and fair. Last year the great barges or floats (drawn through the streets at night) represented Bible scenes, all the way from the creation to the conflagration of the world,—from the fall of Adam to the founding of the New Jerusalem. The show made the profane laugh, and the judicious grieve. This year the representations are taken from Mother Goose. In these extremes we think ingenuity has reached its limit. It is rather to be hoped that hereafter the extravagant expenditure may find some more rational and useful channel.

"In Prison, and Ye Came unto Me."—The following from a correspondent of the *Christian at Work*, relates to the Michigan state prison: "Warmly seconded by the warden, the chaplain, with wisdom and far-sightedness, has formed classes or "clubs" among the nearly eight hundred men, where essays are read, and the prison orchestra and quartet render entertaining songs and music. These meetings reach a class of men who have no desire to attend the prayer-meetings, but whose minds are thereby improved,

and their horizon widened, and their brains given new and solid matter to digest. The good effect of all these meetings is a matter of record. The perfect discipline throughout the whole prison is maintained at a marked loss of punishment or compulsory service, as the records show.

THE "Ready Reckoner" was a device of our forefathers. By means of this a man could do business with very little arithmetical knowledge, but the "Ready Editor," a device by means of which one can edit a paper with a small investment of brains, is left to the invention of more modern times. We are in receipt at this office of a weekly broadside of "carefully prepared copy" in the interests of one of the political parties. It is all handy for the scissors, and rich in ready-made opinions as to how the campaign is progressing, and the final results. We are also assured that this is sent "to no other journal in your section, so that, should you deem the matter suitable and its use consistent, you are perfectly safe in using it as original matter."

A HUNGARIAN applied to be naturalized at the court of common pleas in this city last week. The court officer asked him if he swore or affirmed. He replied that he did neither. He was asked if he did not believe in a God, and he answered that he did not believe in a deity of any kind. Judge Arnold promptly told him that he could not be naturalized, as he could not take an oath of allegiance, and added, "We do not want any more infidels in this country. There are enough in it as it is." The applicant left the court discomfited. Of course the secularists will protest against this action, but all good and true citizens will applaud it.—*Christian Instructor*.

And yet, if this man had been dishonest enough to profess that he believed in a God, and taken oath of allegiance accordingly, his application would have been granted. Can a true citizen be tested by any such rule?

IN Doctor Munger's suggestion, in his article on "The University and the Bible" in the *Century*, that the Christian religion should be taught in colleges in a "scientific way," we see a new era—a reformation greater than Luther inaugurated. He says "that such education should be dissociated from worship, and conducted in the same thorough and scientific way as the study of Greek or history; that if religion is taught in the University, it should be taught in the class-room and for the single end of education." If this spirit had found any acceptance among the churches, the Bible might have been retained in many public schools—where it has proved such an offense that it has become unsafe to present a text-book that offered even an extract from it. No rational man can doubt that the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools has been a definite loss in the education of the present generation. But when the alternative was an idolatrous and dogmatic use of it, when the reading of it was erected into an act of worship, or degraded into an occasion of blasphemous contempt, no rational man could wish its retention. Thus far, only in the German Universities, has it become possible to treat the literature and history and ideas of the Bible with that freedom of criticism which is applied to other collections."

LET not the young and inexperienced preacher of our faith mistake the conditions of his work. He is sometimes tempted to suppose that in any new place where he goes he will find a large number of "ready-made Unitarians." He

will be quickly undeceived. Ready-made Unitarians are very scarce in this country. He can find plenty of Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. All he would need to do, if he belonged to one of these great denominations, would be to announce himself, and the "ready-made" would flock to his standard. Open the doors of such a church, and the "ready-made" would keep pouring in,—not because the faith is new and strange, but because it is old and familiar. But there are not many more Unitarians in towns remote from Boston, than there were Christians in Paul's day in cities remote from Jerusalem—i. e., Unitarians "ready-made." There are plenty, however, *ready-to-be-made*. They are not yet classified. The label has never yet been put upon them. Perhaps they will strenuously object to having it put on for a good while after they are found out. But in all important matters of religious belief, they are with us. They have rational views of the Bible, of worship, and of life. And they have long since ceased to believe in any of the distinguishing doctrines of orthodoxy. This makes our faith to them a new religion, and to us a missionary movement.

THE discussion in regard to the age and authorship of the Pentateuch has been waged for over two hundred years. During that time there has been a steady progress towards the views now largely held by the best critics. But it is instructive to note that during this long contest no single critic has ever been wholly right. Furthermore, the conclusion, as it now stands, is the work of conservative as well as radical. Time and again the radical advanced theories he could not wholly maintain; time and again the conservative defended positions he was compelled to abandon, yet each has contributed something essential to the final result. Such a fact as this—and it is common to all critical processes,—should teach the fellowship of differences, if it may be so named. In the sight of the historian these men were co-workers in the kingdom of truth. What a pity that all men could not realize more fully that our most real co-worker is often apparently our most determined opponent. We ought to have hearty sympathy for the man who stands up boldly and honorably against us. Out of such sympathy would come the fellowship of opponents, than which nothing is more needful for the promotion of truth. "If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the Gentiles the same?" The principle which lies at the bottom of this question by Jesus will revolutionize men's ideas of fellowship socially, religiously and politically, when once it comes to control their feelings.

AND now it is the Unity church of Camden, N. J., that plants itself unequivocally upon the open fellowship basis. It is most interesting to see how, in spite of warnings and organized attempts to resist the spread of this leaven among the liberal churches of America, that, east and west, through church organization, pulpit utterance, and on the platform of our conferences, the broad word multiplies itself; the time spirit among Unitarians, at least, is against the emphasizing of words or doctrines as conditions of fellowship, and in favor of the emphasis on life and helpfulness. As the central purpose of a church Rev. J. L. Corning, the pastor of this church, thus announces the position of his church in a little leaflet: "There seems to be a growing feeling among thoughtful and intelligent people that the old traditional standards of Christian fellowship which makes a righteousness of opinion, are, to say the least, no longer necessary, and that a religious fraternity of character and moral endeavor is more in accordance with charity, with common sense and the thought of the present time. It was chiefly to meet a want growing out of this conviction that Unity church was organized. Being a church without a written or printed creed, its modest roll of membership already embraces not a few varieties of religious

opinion, with the prevalence of a spirit of large toleration and entire good fellowship. Unity church gladly welcomes to its fellowship all, of whatever theological opinions, who desire to associate themselves for the promotion of personal moral culture and the highest well-being of mankind. It cordially invites all liberally disposed people to make careful and honest inquest into its spirit and work."

ANOTHER new tract is ready, and one of our best for Post Office Mission use. It is on "Inspiration," and is written by the liberal Episcopalian minister of New York, Heber Newton,—him who wrote the book on "Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." It traces the gradual widening of man's consciousness of Inspiration; first, belief in the inspiration merely of the men who wrote *our* bible, then of the men who wrote the *other* bibles of the race, then of the saints of all the times, then of men who in every sphere of life seek truth and do their fellow's service, and at last, the full thought of an inspiration of God working within all men in all lands, all ages, all activities of mind. As the prefatory note to the tract says, we had Mr. Newton's generous permission not only to use his sermon (found, by the way, in an old number of the *Christian Register*), but to omit a few passages in which his thought exaggerates the truth as it is given us to see it,—two or three passages in which it seemed as if he excepted the words of Jesus and Paul and John from other human utterance and viewed them as the practically perfect utterance of God. But with this frank statement in the preface, it was more just to Mr. Newton to leave his words just as he wrote them. As to the general trend of the thought, we know not where to find a simpler, broader, nobler treatment of his theme. Especially we commend this tract to the Post Office Mission workers. It will answer well that question which their letters bring so often. What do liberals think of the "inspiration" of the Bible? Send to our office five cents for this "Unity Mission, No. 5;" ten copies for 25 cents.

"CHRISTIANITY," says Robert Elsmere, "seems to me to be something small and local. Behind it, around it—including it—I see the great drama of the world, sweeping on—led by God—from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of the truth. Truth has never been, can never be contained in any one creed or system." To this the *Andover Review* refers, and declares, that "the ultimate religious question of our time is here most exactly phrased. Is Christianity one of many religions, or the final and absolute religion?" The editor affirms that while orthodox churches and schools "plot and strive" to defeat the advance of unfettered scholarship, "a woman writes a novel which carries the central question within their lines and to their firesides." Possibly however it is not wholly "confusion" in the minds of thoughtful people, which is forcing them in our times to think of Christianity as "one of many religions." It is quite as likely to be a clearing up of their conceptions. The definitions of Christianity which the churches still offer, are not to be mistaken. They are not freed from a dogmatism which more and more convicts the faith defined of transiency and provincialism as knowledge increases. Moreover it is to the interest of orthodoxy as such, to make Christianity special instead of universal. Just so far then as orthodoxy softens down its peculiar distinctions, or enlarges its borders to include within its definition the virtues and truths of other faiths, its occupation is gone—it dies by its own hand. Undoubtedly the theologians are largely responsible for whatever rejection of Christianity there is. It never has been defined so that men could accept it. In most communities it has taken to itself a fixed traditional meaning, which will always lead many to reject it. Nor will merely defining it so as to include those who neglect the sacraments and question the creeds, help the matter.

This process has already gone too far. A Christianity which at this late day undertakes to identify itself indiscriminately with all the learning and science, with all the inventions and heroism, with all the wisdom and worth that are now, or have ever been, in the world, overshoots the mark. This makes a corner and a panic in the India-rubber market. Truth is better. Doubtless this will give us "an absolute religion," but whenever it is established throughout the earth, "Christianity" will have disappeared. Its cult will no more exist than that of Islamism, or Buddhism, or Judaism. What the world will call that mixture, made up of "the white of science and the black of dogmatism," is not yet quite certain.

#### THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

This is the splendid name of several organizations now in existence. Perhaps the first and best of the type is the popular movement of Doctor Thomas in Chicago. But in the light of the searching contribution of an earnest friend from Wisconsin, which we publish in our correspondence department this week, we are led to ask what constitutes a "People's Church," and whether such a church yet exists. Is it a people's church when the congregation meets in a hall instead of a church, and the expenses of seats are reduced to the minimum, and perhaps parish obligations and responsibilities also reduced? Is it a people's church when a membership in it involves the acceptance of a more or less theological estimate of the Bible, of Jesus, of Christianity, or of the still more searching questions of the soul which many of the "people" in their sincerity can not accept, or are compelled to confess ignorance? Is it a people's church that necessarily excludes some people who love the people, who seek to help people, and who fain would learn to worship with people? The people's church, when it comes, will be something more potent than a big congregation listening to an eloquent minister. Will it not be a body of men and women housing themselves, making a *home* for the people and in behalf of people; a church with full fellowship for all those who are willing "to help humanity along," and to those who need to be helped along?

We fully realize that such church scarcely exists at the present day. Perhaps it will be a long time before it can be realized. A church that will worship, that will revere Jesus, that will seek to interpret and apply the Bible, but ever offer these only as helps, and not as measurements and alternatives to blind timid, and of course sinning souls, will be the people's church, even though but few people receive it, or use it. It must be a church *for* the people, for *all* people, before it can ever be a church *by* the people. Popularity can be no test of the people's church, neither can laxity in thought or life. The people's church must be an intense church, intense with the love of souls, intense in the search of truth, intense in its desire for unity and the high devotions and the serene peace that the unities bring.

This dream of a people's church which our correspondent suggests may be Utopian and impossible for the present, but none other will suffice for the highest longings of the nineteenth century. Towards this the most earnest preaching and most inspired writing of this generation tends. Hence this enthusiasm for "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," and "The African Farm;" hence the tide of sympathy that flows towards and carries along such men as Heber Newton, the Andover men and Phillips Brooks in the sect churches; hence the great significance of the independent movements in church-making outside of the sects represented by such men as Pentecost in New York, Doctor Smith in St. Paul, McCulloch, of Indianapolis, Townsend of Jamestown, Swing and Thomas of Chicago. All these are essays in this high direction. Towards this end it is ever our purpose to work, and there never were more inspiring indications than now that the prophetic dream of Socrates, Buddha and Jesus is yet to be realized, the

dream of a church that, in the language of a heathen poet, "deems nothing foreign that is human"—a CHURCH OF MAN, on that account a CHURCH OF GOD.

Week before last at the Milwaukee conference, and again last week at the enthusiastic and significant conference in St. Cloud, Minn., all the utterances were tending in this direction. There was no voice lifted in the interests of narrowness, and no arguments urged to justify exclusiveness. Next week we are summoned again to the Quincy and St. Louis meetings. By consulting the programmes already published in these columns, our readers will see that they were conceived in the interests of a breadth that is determined to look forward and to persist in the effort to attain to that to which it aspires. Let the rally at these meetings be large. Let us *hope* to do great things but be *content* to do small things, and we must be prepared to accept whatever failures the nineteenth century may impose upon us in order that the twentieth century may rejoice in its higher successes.

#### "THAT USELESS BAR."

This is the heading of an editorial in the *Episcopal Recorder*, referring to Doctor Dowling and his belief in "open communion." The *Examiner* says, "If the table were ours we should make our own terms." But it is the Lord's and the terms are unalterable. We can not invite the unbaptized. Upon this the *Independent* remarks, "The only question between us might be, whether it is a man's own belief that he has been baptized, or some one's else opinion whether he has been baptized, that should settle the matter."

The *Episcopal Recorder* favors the individual interpretation of this question: Throw the responsibility back upon the communicant. If he thinks he has been properly baptized—whatever the form—let him take his seat at the Lord's table. "Nor would any such a yielding in any way weaken the testimony which Baptists deem it important to bear upon the mode of administering baptism." Whereas now they occupy "a very unpleasant position;" for they "imply that sincere love for the Lord Jesus Christ is not a sufficient ground for fellowship."

But this opens the whole vast issue of the private against the collective conscience; of the individual opinion against the rule of faith; of the esoteric conviction against the esoteric declaration. The Baptists from their premises are logically right; to relax their rule would lead to inextricable confusion. We have no doubt that their premises are wrong. But when they have once proved, to their own satisfaction, that the only valid baptism is immersion in water, and that the unbaptized are to be eternally damned, there is no better way to testify to the sincerity of their convictions than by holding their members and their ministers to this test in all its literal rigidity. Let the lines be strictly drawn between saints and sinners, between the saved and lost, and let those who appear at the Lord's table be distinctly labelled, and prevent it as far as possible from being dishonored by those who eat and drink unworthily.

Surely a bar becomes altogether useless, if it may be let down at every creature's bidding, or overstepped with impunity. Is not this private rationalizing process, this explaining away of the objectionable doctrines of the old creeds, going full far enough in the evangelical churches?

And then how about this "sincere love for the Lord Jesus Christ" being "a sufficient ground for fellowship?" Does that imply that orthodoxy in general is satisfied with that simple qualification? Could Unitarians using that language be admitted to membership in its communions? Or would the endorsement of that phraseology be understood to carry with it not only love for Jesus of Nazareth as a man, and not only belief in God as a Father, but the whole scheme of trinitarian theology? J. C. L.

## CONTRIBUTED.

## ON GROWING OLD.

The dear old days are gone for aye, I sighed,  
And strove to read again the darkening years;  
And, with the voice of one who speaks through tears,  
"Forever gone," sad Memory replied.  
But, as the mother-heart might gently chide  
A child that trembles at its unknown fears,  
The voice of Love makes answer (and doubt clears),  
"Nay, sail'st thou then alone upon the tide?"  
I turn to the receding shore. Behold,  
There dwell but ghosts of all that used to be,  
And all the lives that mine with love enfold  
Are ever keeping even pace with me.  
Ah, friend, I cannot fear the growing old  
Since I may never grow away from thee!

LILY A. LONG.

## LOYALTY TO CHRIST.

If "loyalty to Christ" means holding certain theological opinions about him, as, for example, that he is the second person in the trinity, or that he made a sacrifice by which God can forgive men, then surely, I have no such loyalty; for I do not believe in the trinity or in the vicarious sacrifice. To be loyal to the Christ of this hideous mythology is to be a traitor to reason and to the real Jesus himself. So much, once for all, upon the negative. Let me begin the positive side with a few illustrations.

Suppose I exhort a young man to-day: "Be loyal to Washington, the father of your country; be loyal to Lincoln, the savior of your country," what do I mean? Not necessarily that he shall believe all that has been said and written concerning these men; not that he shall adopt their mode of dress or speech, or propose to himself the same occupations, or aspire to the same position; but that he shall be loyal to that same spirit which animated the breasts of these men. To be loyal to that spirit is political salvation. If I say to a painter, "Be loyal to your master, to Angelo or Raphael," what do I mean? I do not mean that he shall become a slavish copy of the great master, that he shall try to imitate him in all the details of his work, but that he shall have that master's devotion to art, to beauty of color and form; that he shall catch from his master's work an inspiration that will be felt in every conception of his own brain and in every stroke of his own brush. To be loyal to that spirit is the salvation of the artist.

Take these illustrations and apply them to the question in hand. The principle is precisely the same. What does Christ stand for? We associate patriotism with Washington, poetry with Shakespeare, sculpture with Phidias, painting with Michael Angelo, and moral excellence with Jesus. Jesus stands in our thought for an ideal of human character. Loyalty to him is loyalty to that ideal. The authority to which we must bow is not found in his office, nor in the titles that have been given him, nor in the rank that has been ascribed to him, nor in the genealogy that has been traced; but simply and solely in his character. Indeed, office, rank, genealogy and all have their foundations in his character. "It was truth and love wrought into life," says one, "that made him what he was, and the only way to show loyalty to him is to be loyal to the supreme love and the supreme truth which his life reflected." To conjure with his name is magic, to worship his person is idolatry, to catch his spirit is salvation. "He is truly loyal to Jesus who is obedient to the highest visions of truth and light, loyal to the spirit of love, devoted to the service of man, and trustful as he was in the providence of God." What the Christian world needs most of all to-day is to invoke Christ's name less and his spirit more; to place less

reliance upon his outward authority and more upon his inward life.

If any one is asking to-day what for him in particular this loyalty means, I must repeat the words of Jesus: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the works which I say?" In that parable of judgment, that story of the sheep and goats—which had nothing whatever to do with the end of the world and with final rewards and punishments—he himself throws some light upon the question. Many of those who are coming up in the picture seem never to have heard of him; but they have been devoting themselves to benevolent work,—they had been correcting abuses in prisons, they had built hospitals for the sick, they had been hospitable to strangers, they had helped the poor to help themselves, and in so doing, Jesus tells them that they had been ministering to him. Loyalty in this case surely did not mean opinion; it meant a spirit of love working itself out in deeds of love. Loyalty is not worshiping him as God,—a worship which he rejected; not in using his name as a charm to ward off evil; but in holding your temper, in forgiving your enemies, in doing good to those who have defrauded and harmed you, in refusing to take an unfair advantage in business, in being kind to your family, in holding your tongue when you want to say something mean, in cultivating gentleness and patience. All this is in the spirit of Christ, a spirit that has been sadly misunderstood.

The problems of to-day are not the problems that other ages settled. Light streams from the past, but conditions are new and must be dealt with according to the light of to-day. He is loyal to Christ who is loyal to his own higher self, to his own brightest visions of truth and duty, to the work God has given him to do in this world. Whatever may be his opinions of the person, rank, or authority of Jesus, he is truly loyal who is loyal to his spirit, who believes in those things for which Jesus stood—truth, righteousness, goodness, faith and love.

MARION D. SHUTTER.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## TEARS.

What is a tear? Your chemist says it is plain enough what a tear is, and he proceeds at once to give you a formula of a tear. But, my good chemist, tears lie too deep for your analysis. They elude your finest tests. They are generated in a laboratory, not of physics, but of the spirit. What is it Sidney Lanier says?—

"They rise not from reason, but deeper inconsequent deeps.  
Reasons not one that weeps."

Who can tell us what lies in a tear? A tear starts from the eye, glistens for an instant on the eyelid, then slowly courses down the cheek, falls to the ground and is lost. If we could gather up that tear, and we were well skilled in spiritual alchemy and spiritual dynamics, we should find there in that little spirit-globule what emotions, what weary longings no words could utter, what despair, what daily dyings unto the world and daily risings unto holiness, what struggles and failures, what deep joy and peace withal, what far-away looks and flashing glances of the Chief Good. All this, and more, lies in that tiny drop called a tear.

Only God can tell what feuds, struggles, religious problems, troubles or joys have contributed to it; how the surroundings in woods, seas, hills, winds, faces, conversations, prayers, curses, songs, food, days and nights, have each done something to make the history of that drop of spirit-dew that weighs so heavily on human eyelids. Who can tell how far back the roots of a human life run? Or who is the chemist holding the secret of that menstruum which dissolves all spiritual elements and tells which belong to freedom and which to fate?

The child's tears,—whence do they come? Perhaps from the same sense of the burden of the mystery of being that

wearies us in our manhood. For even in infancy "shades of the prison house" begin to close round us, and we begin to feel, though we can not understand, that there is somewhat in the universe not for us, but against us. Life begins to show its sharp edge, and to wear us with its jar and fret.

A mother's tears,—from what deep sources of love and self-giving do they flow? Pure, angelic tears are they, without any alloy of selfishness. If we were asked for a specimen of sweet, disinterested, and holy goodness, we would point to a mother's tears. And when one has grown to manhood and is torn by the ragged corners of life, and faith has flown away, and hope has exhaled in the miasma of worldly struggle and greed, and the warm and holy strivings of youth have been supplanted by a paralyzing indifference, he turns for a moment and thinks of mother as she stood there in the old home, with tear-stained cheeks, giving him the parting benediction; and once more he believes in truth and goodness, and the lost ideal of his youth comes back, to rebuke him for his recreancy, and to call him to set his face again toward the mount where God meets man.

A wife's tears! Let one be joined to another, fit for her if it were not for a fatal breach in his character, and then see, through years of mortal anguish known only to God, the lofty disinterestedness of that wife's love, as her companion, yielding to his tempter, plunges away in a career of vice, and drags her year after year into poverty, degradation, obscenity and abuse. Where others revile him, she extenuates his faults; when others shrink from him, she receives him kindly; and when at last he is broken outright on the "rack of this tough world," see her tears of heart-felt sorrow, and then say if that wife's tears are not more beautiful than all the gems that ever decked Cleopatra's brow.

The penitent's tears? I remember one who stood at Jesus's feet and washed his feet with her tears, and stooping down, tenderly wiped them with the hair of her head. Those were holy tears, holily used. They were more fragrant than all the incense that ever ascended from smoking altars. They were warm, gushing currents from an overflowing heart of love. They were pent-up streams of longing for the One Best.

The outcast's tears that are frozen upon the sleety pavement; the wanderer's tears that mingle with the waters of distant seas; the prisoner's tears, the pauper's tears, the beggar's tears, tears of anguish, tears of joy,—Ah! the plashing of tears in the day, in the night, the measureless, unknown waters of human tears!

G. D. BLACK.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY: Apropos of the article on Mr. Mangasarian in the *Unitarian* for October are some thoughts suggested to me by the addresses I heard in the late Milwaukee conference. I listened then to a great deal about the freedom of the liberal faith, and, though not so much, about its simple grounds of unity in fellowship, character, brotherhood, etc. Mr. Ames told us a story about a brother continually harassed by a loving but orthodox sister because of his too liberal views, till at last impatient flesh cried out; "Oh hang your faith! Let us be brother and sister." We all applauded. The next day we discussed what we should do for isolated Unitarians, especially young men settling in towns new to them. Mr. Crooker thought that such a fire of zeal in the men and women as would not put up with any but a liberal church was the only solution of the problem. They must gather a little nucleus of Unitarians about them, and start a church. Then Mr. Reynolds told us with feeling of a young man, dropped alone with his Unitarian faith into an old community, who did try,

and tried hard, to start a little Unitarian society, but who was quite overcome finally by the opposition, and cast his lot with the orthodox church most congenial to his own faith, where he will undoubtedly become a Trinitarian, and his children after him. From the orthodox point of view he simply became a brother. To give the strongest view from their side—rather than increase the dissension and weakening sectarianism of a small town, he threw his weight where it would do most good. I am not saying it was right or best, but giving the other side.

The proposition was put to me very forcibly then: there is a freedom from nice tests in the Unitarian church, but one must accept a very real and *distinct* belief, which to repudiate is to drop out of fellowship with that sect. A too material, too radical or too spiritual temper of mind will each mark the best of characters from the liberal church. In other words, the logical Romanist, whether so in name or not, who insists upon a visible outward church, can not be a Unitarian; neither an ethical culturist, who knows only moral man, a man of choice and will; neither certain followers of Swedenborg and the elder Henry James, who are almost antinomian in their views of moral evil, who believe Jesus Christ was no *moralist* at all, but "very God of very God," primarily revealing in his life and death God's life in universal man.

To say that character is everything seems to me like peacock vanity. "I am a good, moral, upright man—therefore I am a Unitarian, or Ethical Culturist, or one of whatever sect makes character its bond of fellowship." Good God! I am sicklied o'er with deathly moral infirmities, I feel utterly bad, out of tune and unregenerate, thinking more of my own poor little corpse than of my struggling brothers and sisters, and not until I can fan my tail and say, "I am holier than thou in the dirt," can I expect recognition by these pre-eminently moral *characters*. No! All churches, to the extent of their true and valid life in God, say, "Our faith is for *all* men as they are." The great Father bears upon His patient breast all the burden of this sinful humanity,—the rich and poor, the sick and well, the good and bad, that once educated into free selfhood they may of their own will wed that self in indissoluble marriage with His boundless love. I do not care whether a man calls himself Unitarian or Trinitarian, Buddhist, atheist or agnostic, I say only this: "Does your faith, or any part of it, in your sincere, human heart of hearts cut you off from free, full, unconditional, spontaneous fellowship with *all* mankind, black, red or white, regenerate or unregenerate? Aside from your poor, petty, personal self which in this stage of existence does have preferences and prejudices despicable enough, aside from this self in your highest moments of vision, in your own naked, veracious manhood, is there any stain upon your faith which precludes fellowship with *all* men as they are? If so, I tell you it is just so much *false*."

A free church says, "Come with any ism, from Calvinism to Atheism, and let us unite in this—*love*; love to man, which is love to God, and the only possible love He can want."

But, alas! this is the highest fence of all, no *body* can get over or under or through; only spirits pass to and fro and see it not, for to all to whom it is, is it impassable. In this stage of mortality, possibly, we must ever work in our shells, but let us leave our poor bodies in our isms, sometimes, and go into the *free* church to pray together and be brothers and sisters.

\* \* \*

It is a great thing to know that there is a Power and Wisdom which guides us and the world; and to feel that there is a Justice immense, immeasurable, irresistible, which sways the ocean of human forces.—*Theodore Parker*.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCTOBER 9, 1888.

## THE STUDY TABLE.

*A Hand-Book of Temperance.* By Charles A. Dole. Published for the Unitarian Church Temperance Society, 25 Beacon street, Boston.

This is the little manual on Temperance for which we have long been waiting,—a *little* thing, for it holds but five short chapters of three or four pages each. The first is “Concerning Stimulants in general;” the second, “Alcoholic Liquors: their uses;” the third, “Alcoholic Drinks: the evils which they work;” the fourth, “Temperance: the old view;” and fifth, “Temperance: the new view.” And it is a very *temperate* little temperance manual. It is fair to the drinker and the drink: fathers who habitually have wine upon their table would hardly object to their children studying these quiet chapters. “The figures used are always the lowest estimates,”—indeed there are very few of them. It is all clear; a child can follow it throughout. It is all reasonable; and the conclusions are put as questions to the mind and conscience of the readers, not laid down as decisions of the writer. But his own opinion, and the outcome to which he would lead others, is clear enough: it is hinted in these words,—“It is noble for the sake of the larger good to give up whatever is not well for other men or for men generally to do.”

Few Sunday-schools, and few home-circles of parents and children, will ever study any of the long and detailed Temperance manuals, but this is one for which but five or six Sundays are required. We hope it will go into many Sunday-schools and homes. One of the best methods of Sunday-school work is to interrupt the main studies of the year mid-way by a shorter study of some entirely unlike subject. A three or four months’ course, and then a change to something quite unlike for a month or so, and then another three or four months’ course, keeps the school fresh and interested. And this Temperance manual is well suited for one of these intercalated short studies.

W. C. G.

*The Art of Conversation.* By J. P. Mahaffy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.75.

In this little book of 174 pages the art of conversation is treated in a very able and thorough manner. In his analysis the author divides the work into three parts, the Introduction, the Manner of Conversation, and the Matter of Conversation. In the Introduction, which occupies some fourteen pages, conversation is treated of in a general way. The author says well that “the great difficulty is this: that it must seem to be natural, and not art,” and likens the art to the arts of rhetoric and logic, in that “they can never be taught without natural gifts to receive them,” and “can be greatly improved in those who possess these gifts.” Under the heading, “Manner of Conversation,” he considers the subjective conditions in the speaker, “which,” he says, “are either physical, mental, or moral,” and the objective conditions in hearers. And under “Matter of Conversation” he treats of the topics of conversation and the handling of them. All these divisions are much subdivided and treated at length. The book is well printed on good paper, and artistically bound in embossed leather.

J. V. B.

*A Club Story.* By Members of the Unity Club, Oak Park, Illinois. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, 50 cents.

A more ingeniously planned tale can scarcely be imagined than this Club Story which was presented in chapters, written by different members, at the regular monthly meetings of the Unity Club of Oak Park. It was designed to constitute one attraction of the occasion, in the belief that when once the habit of attendance was formed, some good literary work might be done, and was published

at the solicitation of friends desirous of possessing it in printed form as a souvenir of a pleasant winter. Although no literary merit is claimed for the book by its authors, the critic may honestly state that its pages are filled with interesting incidents, and that its plot is well conceived and creditably worked out. We do not feel inclined to leave the hero, John Latimer, from the moment we learn that he has left old Ireland to visit relatives in Vermont until we know that he has succeeded in uniting the uncle, who would have made him his heir, with the old gentleman’s own son, whose place was offered him. It would not be a bad idea for more of our clubs to test the literary ability of members by similar attempts.

AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

*Patrick Henry.* By Moses Coit Tyler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

In this biography of the noted orator, Patrick Henry, the Statesmen series has received a valuable addition. It is written in a bright and vigorous style and is interesting throughout. As it is the second biography ever written of Patrick Henry, the first having been published in 1817, “before the time had fairly come for the publication of the correspondence, diaries, personal memoranda, and official records of every sort, illustrating the great period covered by his career,” this is especially welcome to the political student. That Professor Tyler has been very thorough in his researches is shown by a long list covering some five and a half pages of documents cited in the book. There is a good table of contents of each chapter, and a fine alphabetical index covering nearly fourteen pages printed in double columns in fine print. The work has 398 pages, and is neatly bound in 16mo form, with gilt top.

J. V. B.

*Men and Letters. Essays in Characterization and Criticism.* By Horace E. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Under the above title the well-known editor of the series of *American Commonwealths* has put forth a collection of critical essays on Elisha Mulford, Longfellow and His Art, A Modern Prophet, Landor as a Classic, Dr. Muhlenberg, American History on the Stage, The Shaping of *Excelsior*, Emerson’s Self, Aspects of Historical Work, Anne Gilchrist, and The Future of Shakespeare. The essays are all instructive and entertaining, and those on Longfellow and Landor especially fine. Of the writings of Landor, whom he admires greatly, he says, “Apart from a course of study in the Greek and Latin classics, I doubt if any single study would serve an author so well as the study of Landor.” The “Shaping of *Excelsior*” is an interesting little sketch of the growth of Longfellow’s poem, “*Excelsior*,” as shown in two drafts of it now in Harvard College Library. The book is finely printed on good paper.

J. V. B.

*Missouri.* By Lucian Carr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

In “Missouri” Professor Carr has added to the series of *American Commonwealths* an able history of that state from “The discovery and exploration of the Mississippi” down to “The abolition of slavery; the convention of 1865 and test oaths.” It is written in a very entertaining style and bears evidence of a thorough research into the history of that state that will make it a valuable reference book for students. At the front of the book is a map of Missouri made especially for this work. A good table of contents of each chapter is given, and also there is an alphabetical index covering nearly five pages printed with fine print in double columns. The volume contains 377 pages, is well printed and substantially bound in 16mo form, with gilt top.

J. V. B.

## THE HOME.

## IN GREENOUGH LANE.

Only a few rods from the house Lucy Amesbury led her young guests into Greenough Lane. It opened with a wide entrance which was masked, and divided into two narrow wood paths from either hand, by a triangular bit of old woodland, shrouded in bushes and bearing a pair of spreading Siamese-twin pine trees. On the right rose steeply a rough hill skirted with barberry and other bushes; on the left the low stone wall enclosed in its curve a lordly oak. The lane beyond wound between open fields—from which it was separated by an old stone wall, garnished with all manner of wild growths—on one side, and a steep, rough hill or mountain, whence a heavy forest had been lately cut, on the other. Tall, large and deep purple asters first won admiration.

"I never saw such large and richly colored wild asters before," said Judith, beginning to gather them.

"See how gracefully they grow," said Lucy: "Each stalk sways its panicled top toward us as if tempting us to take them; and the leaves, so smooth, give name to the species, *aster laevis*."

But Lucy turned from them to fill her hands with stems of a small pale purple aster.

"Why don't you pick those pretty ones?" asked Myra.

"Judith will have plenty o' those, and so I will have this little aster *cordifolius*. This is pretty, too."

"I'll get some of them for you," said Rob. "Why is it called *cordifolius*?"

"From the heart-shaped leaf. But you are not getting this kind, Rob."

He brought the stalks he had broken to compare with hers. "They look alike, only mine haven't so many blossoms," he said. "The flowers are the same."

"Not quite. Their color is the same. Your flowers, or heads, are larger, and fewer in number. See how awkward and leafy the stalks are, and how different the shape of the leaf! How rough it is! These of mine are smooth, with long-stalked heart-shaped leaves and shapely panicles of crowded flowers. That is the *undulatus* species."

"How very different to be so alike," said Rob. "But why do you call the flowers heads?"

"Because they are really bunches of tiny florets, as much as is a head of clover, but bunched so as to look like a single flower."

"Let me see!" cried Myra. And Lucy sat down upon a big flat stone beside the lane, drew from her pocket a small magnifying glass, and showed the little purple ray florets, and the little yellow tubular ones—some unopened buds; some whose open cups bore above their five-pointed rims the cleft stigma on the end of the style encircled with its broad belt of yellow anthers—and the tiny flat seeds, with their tuft of white hair, packed on end within the little cup formed of green scales. Rob knelt behind them, watching and listening, a little ashamed to be just as ignorant and interested as Myra. Judith was varying her handful of purple beauties with some spikes of fine white blossoms, and came now to say,

"What are these flowers, Aunty? I never saw any before. Aren't they pretty with these asters?"

"Just the thing to go with your asters. That is the white golden-rod."

"If it is white, it isn't golden," caviled Rob.

"So thought the botanists, I suppose, for they call it *Solidago bicolor* instead of *alba*. But the only second color it has is the yellow of its anthers. All the corollas, both rays and tubes, are creamy white. It contrasts well both in color and in shape of the clusters with your *aster laevis*."

"Now this is a pretty little golden-rod, like a wreath," said Rob, "and isn't golden rod in little heads of florets, too?"

"Yes. Both asters and golden-rod belong to one great

family called composite, and you will find many other old friends among blossoms that you can class there, at sight, by the crowd of florets encircled with rays like a flower's petals. This is *Solidago caesia* and its blossoms are clustered in the leaf axils, as they are in the white kind, but the slender stem is very smooth and brown, and soon bends, as it grows, into a curve that makes a wreath of it. Judith, you must have some of these sprays in your bouquet. They will light it up finely."

"See what I found down in the grass," said Myra.

"O, the darlings!" cried Lucy, and Judith and Rob hastened to see.

"Orchid or heath, Rob?" she asked, reaching to him a spray of sweet-scented, alabaster blossoms, coiled closely about their common stalk.

"Orchid, I think. Each blossom seems to be having its neck wrung," he replied.

"Spiranthes, isn't it?" said Judith.

"Spiranthes ceruna; much larger than the *gracilis*. And here are more."

While Myra gathered these, Judith showed her asters. Their blossoms were much alike, but there were three species, the bright purple *laevis* with glossy green leaves broad in the middle and tapering to each end; the paler *longifolius* with narrow leaves serrate along the middle of each edge; and a low bluer species with many rigid, linear leaves and a corymb of a half dozen bright blossoms that Lucy decided must be the species named the *amethystinus*.

Rob brought from a gravelly spot some of the white aster *multiflorus*, its leaves small as those of the hemlock, and its starry blossoms crowded on the sprays.

"That white aster always reminds me of heather," said Lucy, "it is so common and so pretty; its leaves are like heather and its blossoms as plenteous."

Myra gathered, in a shady place, some low wood golden-rod (*S. nemoralis*), and some of the funny little bush clover with its emphatic trefoil leaf and its queer little pods, ripening in axillary clusters all along the stem while the tip is still flowering. Rob supplemented his white asters with tall golden-rods (*canadensis* and *gigantea*), with their one-sided sprays of blossoms.

"See this, Aunt Lu!" he cried, bringing a stalk twined all about with yellow threads. "I thought at first it was a family of late-hatched caterpillars, it seems to be a plant."

Together they unwound some of the yellow twine-like stems from the stalk to which they clung, starting at the pricking and smarting of their fingers, until Lucy exclaimed,

"This is a case of the stinger stung,—a parasite twined on a nettle! How were you brave enough to break it?"

"I didn't know what bit me; thought it was ants" laughed Rob. "It grew just over the wall beside the meadow. What is it?"

"It is dodder. I have seen it only once before. It is curious in having no leaves, not even seed leaves, Judith; though it starts in the ground it immediately clings to some herb, and with these tiny suckers that look like mere pimples on the stems, it draws the sap from another plant, and its own root dies."

"What crowded clusters of white blossoms!"

"Is it orchid or heath?" demanded Rob.

"Neither, but convolvulus; half sister to our morning-glories. Only one species is found in New England, dodder *gronovii*; but many others grow in the West and South." Then pointing to a granite post bearing on each of its opposite sides a letter, the initial to the names of the towns of which it marked the dividing line, "Here is the town line," said Lucy. "We will turn back here. The lane is not so pretty farther on, since the forest was felled on the mountain."

"And so the town line post becomes our limit," said Judith, "our 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.'" L.M.T

## UNITY.

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## NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

**Moline, Ill**—It was the good fortune of the Unitarian church here to be blessed on the 14th instant by the presence of two of the missionaries, lately sent out by the American Unitarian Association to discover the biding places of the Unitarian children of promise in the West. On Sunday morning the Rev. Grindall Reynolds spoke to a good audience in Library Hall. The sermon was a masterly presentation of the personality of St. Paul. In the evening, at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, a large audience gathered to hear both Secretary Reynolds and the Rev. E. A. Horton, of Boston. The presentation of the faith-points of Unitarian belief by Mr. Horton, and of the practical necessity for Unitarian churches by Mr. Reynolds, were each wise and fitting in their own individual way. There can be no question that such service, so wisely and timely rendered, will be productive of much good in the near future to our movement here.

Our new church edifice is going forward toward completion. The walls will be completed by November 1, when the slate-shingled roof will be at once put in position, and should we have average fair weather, we hope to be able to finish two or three of the smaller rooms for occupancy some time in December. In this way it is hoped at once to double the congregation, and to provide suitable quarters for study classes and work which is waiting for this very habitation.

H. D. S.

**Boston.**—At the Monday Club of Unitarian Ministers Dr. A. P. Peabody gave an essay on "The Preaching Needed."

—Rev. Charles F. Dole preached in the pulpit of the late Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Mr. Dole believes fully in the "Christ type" practical sermons given to free gatherings of rich and poor in a church. In a meeting-house, if anywhere, the gospel of Christian charity should be illustrated by cordial equality. A life-like portrait of Doctor Clarke hangs beside his pulpit.

—The Women's Auxiliary Conference are at work. Mr. S. A. Eliot will speak in their Union meeting next Thursday, at Rev. Mr. Hale's church, on the Unitarian church at Seattle, W. T.

—A gala week will be celebrated from October 16 to 19 by New York Unitarians and their guests. Full conference exercises will be held for two days in Rochester, and for the two following days in Toronto, Canada. A good company of Boston delegates will attend and several of our ministers will help in the work.

**Denver, Colo.**—Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the pastor of Unity church, has just returned from an extended trip through Russia. While there he had the pleasure of meeting Count Tolstoi at his country home near Tula, which was one of the objects of his journey. W. H. Ramsay, late of the Harvard Divinity School, has admirably supplied Unity pulpit during the summer months, the interest being kept up and church services going on continuously. A movement is now on foot to start a second church with Rev. Mr. Ramsay as its leader.

**Chicago.**—Sidney Morse, the sculptor, recently delighted the young and old of the Third church by a practical exhibit of his modeling and drawing in the presence of the audience. Mr. Morse has opened a studio at 665 West Lake street, and is probably open to similar engagements within reach of Chicago. We commend him to our societies as a man deeply in sympathy with all the things that make for liberality and rationality in religion, and also a man who is in constant communion with the muses.

**Camden, N. J.**—Mr. Corning, pastor of Unity church, is giving an illustrated sermon once each month, using the stereopticon to illustrate Bible story and Christian history. Ten years' residence in Europe has enabled him to gather rich stores of art material for this purpose, which material is also placed under contribution for Sunday-school instruction and entertainment.

## PROGRAMME OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

## Second Annual Institute.

Wednesday Evening, October 24.

J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, in charge.

8:00 P. M. Opening Address: "The Froebel Thought applied to Sunday-school Work." Prof. W. N. Hailman, LaPorte, Ind.

Thursday Morning, October 25.

A. M. Judy, of Davenport, in charge.

9:00 A. M. Devotional Exercises.  
9:30 A. M. Reports of Secretary and Treasurer.

10:00 A. M. Paper: "Non-Biblical Material in the Sunday-school." W. L. Sheldon, of St. Louis.

11:00 A. M. Paper: "The True Order of Studies in the Sunday-school." W. C. Gannett, of Hinsdale, Ill.

Thursday Afternoon.

George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, in charge.

2:00 P. M. Discussion: "Impieties in the Sunday-school."

3:00 P. M. Discussion: "Missionary Mistakes in the Sunday-school."

4:00 to 5 P. M. Paper and discussion: "Home Infidelity toward the Sunday-school."

Mrs. Anna L. Parker, of Quincy, Ill.

Thursday Evening.

J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, in charge.

8:00 P. M. Musical exercises.

8:30 P. M. Paper: "Evolution in Morals and Religion." Is it presentable to Sunday-school pupils, and if so, how? George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati.

9:15 P. M. Social.

Friday Morning, October 26.

Mrs. Anna B. McMahan, of Quincy, in charge.

9:00 A. M. Devotional exercises.

10:00 A. M. Discussion: "Possible Co-operation in the Study of our Sunday-schools."

11:00 A. M. Query-box.

12:00 M. Business.

UNITY CLUB SESSION.

Friday Afternoon.

J. Ll. Jones, of Chicago, in charge.

2:00 P. M. Discussion: "The Winter's Programme in Unity Clubs. What is it to be? Can we co-operate?"

3:00 P. M. Some "Hows."

How to make every one work.

How to keep open doors.

How to keep the conversation to a point.

How to make the talkers listen and the listeners talk.

How much "paper," how much "talk."

How to organize without organization.

How to reassure the critics of the Unity Club movement.

5:00 P. M. Adjournment.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Secretary.

## INVITATION.

The Church of the Unity, St. Louis, extends a cordial welcome to the Second Annual Institute of the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society. We shall be glad to entertain friends and co-workers who come from a distance to attend the meetings. We regret that we are not able to secure reduced rates of fare. Please send your names to me early, that hospitality may be provided in advance. All persons previously unassigned, take Blue cars at Union Depot for Lafayette Park, and come directly to the church, corner of Park and Armstrong Avenues.

J. C. LEARNED, Minister.

1748 Waverly Place.

## Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, October 21, services at 11 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, October 21, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, October 21, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, October 21, services at 11 A. M.; Subject, The Joy of Giving. Monday, October 23, Unity Club, Emerson section. Bible Class, 7:30 Friday evening.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, October 21, services at 10:45 A. M.

MR. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE begins his Western lecture tour before the Chicago Women's Club early in November, after which date he goes to Iowa and other states beyond the Mississippi, being in the West during November and December. He is now ready to make lecture engagements at very moderate terms, and those desiring to secure his services can do so by addressing Mr. Cooke at Dedham, Mass.

Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body. Give it a trial.

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit: there is more hope of a fool than of him." It is the men who are open to conviction—who are teachable, who take hold of things out of the beaten track, and "Taking time by the forelock and not by the fetlock," go forward to success. To this later class we desire especially to appeal and urge them to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., they will do you good and not evil.

**Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption and Wasting in Children,**

Is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable form and prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

## Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. N. B.—For catarrhal diseases peculiar to females this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 10c. by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King street, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notice must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interests of our readers. Any book in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The Law of Equivalents. By Edward Pavson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 306.

Autrefuis. Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere. By James A. Harrison. Cassell & Co: New York, 104 and 106 Fifth Av. S. A. Maxwell & Co.: Chicago. Paper, pp. 295. Price \$0.50. Spirit and Life. By Amory H. Bradford. D. D. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 265. Price \$1.00.



## Our "Game of Governors," 10c., 25c., 40c., or 50c. a Pack.

**The Most Amusing, Exciting and Politically Instructive Game Ever Invented.** Correct portraits on 48 cards of the present Governors of the 48 States and Territories, and the number of electoral votes each State will cast for the next President. 4 Bowers—Cleveland and Thurman, Harrison and Morton. James G. Blaine and B. B. B. R. R. are "Jokers." **Red Cards are Democrats, Black Cards Republicans.** Winning side in first, by the rules of ordinary Euchre, capture States enough to count up 200 of the 400 electoral votes. **Easy Instructions accompany each pack.** Simple pack mailed to any address upon receipt of either 10c., 25c., 40c., or 50c. per pack, and 10c. per pack extra for postage. Wholesale prices large illustrated colored posters, etc., furnished the trade and agents upon application. All the cards are round-cornered, glazed and double-headed.

New York's and Ohio's card below show but half size of each of the 56 double-headed cards. For sale by the Stationery, Book, Drug, Fancy Goods, Toy, Cigar, Fair, Holiday and Agency trade.

## THE GOVERNORS PROMPTLY ENDORSE POLITICAL EUCHRE.

We can present but few of the Governors' letters to the inventor of the Game, as our space is limited.

## FROM THE GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA.

BISMARCK, Sept. 22, 1888. Dear Sir—Your ingenuity must be complimented, and the art indicated on every card is well worthy of appreciation. L. K. CHURCH.

## FROM GOVERNOR OF WEST VIRGINIA.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 10, 1888. Dear Sir—I think your "Game of Governors" will add to amusement both interest and instruction. E. W. WILSON.

## FROM THE GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 23, 1888. Dear Sir—The "Game of Governors" is very handsome in lead, and while highly interesting is equally instructive.

Yours, S. P. HUGHES.

## FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept. 24, 1888. Dear Sir—I should have acknowledged the receipt of your "Game of Governors" before this, but was waiting to learn the game to see whether I could recommend it. I am now prepared to say it is a highly interesting and beautiful game, and affords pleasant amusement besides being interesting. Please accept thanks for same.

Truly yours, A. P. MOREHOUSE.

## FROM GOVERNOR OF WYOMING.

CHEYENNE, Sept. 22, 1888. Dear Sir—"Governors" is not only amusing but instructive. Many will for the first time be led to remember the electoral votes of the States. The design is tasteful and the work excellent.

THOS. MOONLIGHT.

## LENGTHY NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS BOILED DOWN:

From Philadelphia (Pa.) Times, Sept. 1, 1888. "Political Euchre" is the latest game. Each card bears the picture of a Governor, a Presidential or Vice-Presidential candidate. The game is something like euchre.

From the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader, Sept. 7, 1888.

The latest craze in card play is "Governors," which is now being introduced in this city by the agent for the inventor. It is quite interesting, and promises to be all the rage.

From the Idaho (Idaho) River News & Miner, Sept. 6, 1888. Parents who have never permitted card-playing in their homes, will encourage their children to play this new game of "Governors."

From the Clay Center (Kan.) Dispatch, Aug. 29, 1888. The game is having a big run in the East.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Advertiser, Aug. 31, 1888.

The game will take like the amus. puzzle.

From the Dayton (Oregon) Herald, Sept. 6, 1888.

Most delectably interesting game ever invented.

From the Pembina (Dak.) Pioneer-Express, Sept. 7, 1888.

Interesting, growing, popular in political circles.

From the Lebanon (Mo.) Sentinel, Sept. 7, 1888.

It is intensely amusing and will be a great success.

From the Selinsgrove (Pa.) Times, Sept. 6, 1888.

One of the most instructive games ever invented.

From the Glens Falls (N. Y.) Republican, Sept. 4, 1888.

The game bids fair to outrival progressive euchre as an amusement.

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No. 1, 10c.	85c.
No. A, 25c.	\$2.00
No. B, 40c.	3.20
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Add 4 cent. for postage on each pack of "Governors" to be sent by mail.

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\$75.00 to \$250.00 a month can be made working for us.

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OLOGY AT LEIDEN. An historical-critical inquiry into the origin and composition of *The Hexateuch* (Pentateuch and Book of Joshua) translated from the Dutch by Philip H. Wicksteed. Price \$3.50. Mailed to any address on receipt of price by the Liberal Publishing Co., 54 Lyon St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

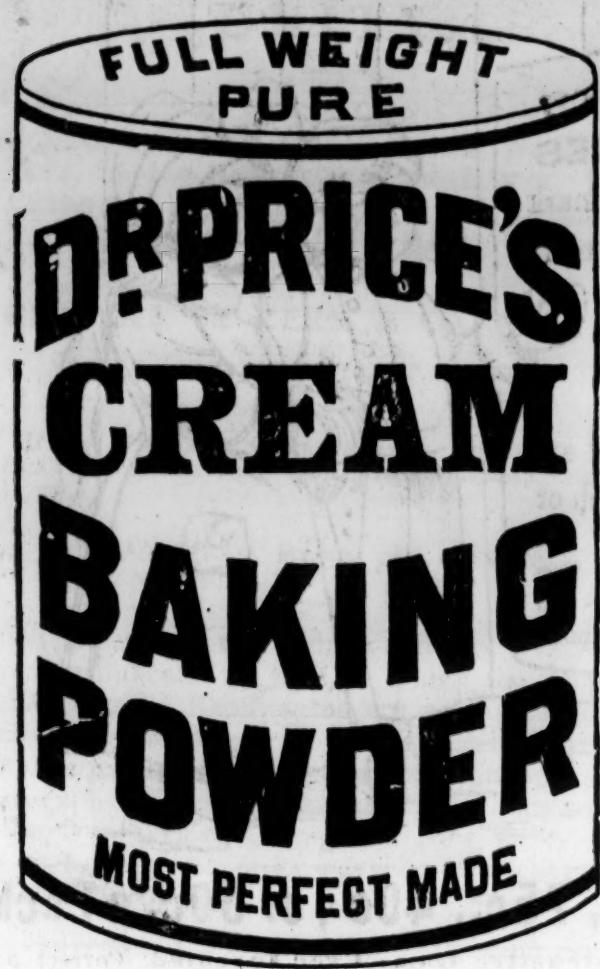
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